

Bridge Over Troubled Water

by VoidofRoses

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Fishlegs I., Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-08-03 03:00:58

Updated: 2013-08-03 03:00:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:45:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,384

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: They were still friends, and that was enough for Hiccup. A book/movie cross that explores the friendship between Fishlegs and Hiccup.

Bridge Over Troubled Water

****Author's notes:** **this came from me being a little curious about how some (not all) book events could have fitted into the pre-movie timeline and what happened to Hiccup and Fishlegs' friendship. I have no problem with accepting them as different timelines and/or complete alternate universes, but I wanted to write something at least. So there's some book references here, but they're vague enough so that you wouldn't have to have read them to understand.

This is set a couple of weeks post-movie, so Meatlug is referred to as a boy since they discovered that she wasn't during Snoggletog. Otherwise, please enjoy :3 the ending kinda sucks so

* * *

><p>The sight was utterly breathtaking, Hiccup decided from his vantage point on top of the cliff face behind the village of Berk, sitting on the edge of the rocky surface. The sun gleamed in the afternoon, its orange light dancing across the rooftops. The village had never looked so peaceful before, so at ease with itself. Viking and dragon walked along its pathways, sharing the same space that only a few months ago would have been the battle ground should both parties have crossed paths.<p>

"It's beautiful isn't it, bud?" The dragon in question lifted his head from where he was seated behind Hiccup, wrapped around his boy protectively. Toothless cocked his head, trilling in the back of his throat before Hiccup reached to rub the top of his snout, turning his head to look at the Night Fury with a small smile as he nuzzled the hand offered. "We did this."

It had been little under a couple of weeks since Hiccup had first woken up from the coma he had gone into when he'd been knocked out by the monstrous dragon's tail. The villagers had taken to calling it the Red Death, he'd since learned, as they had been telling him whenever they crossed paths with him. Their acceptance of him was something out of the many daydreams he had had since he was a boy - er, well a smaller boy in any case. It was a bit overwhelming at times, for someone like him who was used to people practically avoiding him, the reason why he was up here in the first place. He just needed some air somewhere without people hounding him for help with their dragons.

The buzzing wings of a Gronkle alerted Hiccup to the fact that someone had found his little hideaway. He gave a small internal groan and turned his head to address the rider or the dragon in question before he blinked, a little surprised at who it was.

"Fishlegs?"

"Hey." The bigger boy dismounted with a bit of a tumble after his dragon landed and fixed his helmet, giving him a small smile. "I thought I'd find you here."

"How did you know...?" Hiccup was genuinely puzzled as Fishlegs sat down a little way across from him, not invading his personal space like he always seemed to do while others got up close and personal into his face. The Gronkle trilled a greeting to Toohless, whose ear plates perked forward and whipped to the side before he responded back with a low growl.

Fishlegs looked at him with a bit of surprise before his smile turned sad. "We used to come up here all the time when we were kids, remember? You'd drag me here whether I liked it or not. It was the only place where Snotlout and Dogsbreath didn't follow us."

A vague memory fluttered up from Hiccup's brain and he ducked his head, feeling his chest tighten. "Right. I'd...I'm sorry, I'd almost forgotten that we..."

"It's okay. I can't blame you." Fishlegs leaned back on his hands, looking out at the village that seemed much like a small speck from up here, his brow furrowing. "I haven't exactly been a good friend over the last few years."

Hiccup glanced out the corner of his eye at the other boy, remembering a time when a kid as skinny and awkward as he was had sat there, glasses askew and bemoaning whatever torment Snotlout and his pet bully had put them through that day or week. He started wondering when Fishlegs had put on the weight and gotten rid of his glasses, but maybe that had been when he'd been too busy in the smithy. "It's my fault too. I didn't exactly make much of an effort after we got our apprenticeships and..."

And Fishlegs had become part of the water squad. Part of the "in" crowd.

"It's not like I made anything better either," he said in response, tilting his head to look at Hiccup before he looked as though he remembered something. Reaching into a pouch hanging off of his dragon, he pulled a couple of large cakes out, about palm sized.

"Here. I...I made them. I mean, with my mother's help."

Taking the cake, Hiccup's nose was practically smacked with the aroma, a smell that made him feel almost nostalgic. "Her crab cakes."

"I remembered you liked them." There was an awkward pause as Fishlegs tapped his fingers around his own cake, biting his bottom lip as he tried to think of something to say.

It was Hiccup who broke the silence, overbite nibbling into his crab cake as he swung his legs nervously. "Remember when we broke into the Meathead Public Library to steal Professor Yobbish's book on fighting dragons?"

Fishlegs blinked a little in surprise at the random comment before he actually laughed a little. "How can I forget? We were nearly killed by a crazy old librarian. If it hadn't been for Camicazi's sense of direction we would've been the library's new decorations to warn off people as insane as we were." Both boys laughed at the idea, before the larger one sobered up, taking a bite out of his cake. "I wonder how she's doing..."

"She writes occasionally," Hiccup said around a mouthful of crab, a small, wistful twinge in his chest as he thought about the little Bog Burglar. He came to an alarming realization that he hadn't thought about her for a long time. "Dad stopped the mail coming through when the dragons began attacking more frequently in the last couple of years. Well, it's not like we've had many trade ships come to Berk. The only one crazy enough to sail through a dragon infested area is Trader Johann."

"We should go visit her." Fishlegs turned his head to look behind him with a smile at his Gronkle. "I wouldn't mind showing her Meatlug."

"Oh you finally decided on a name for him, huh?"

"It was a toss up between Meatlug and Horrorcow, but he seemed to like Meatlug more." He reached to scratch the brown dragon behind the ear, earning a rumbling purr. Fishlegs dropped his gaze from Meatlug to Hiccup, his lips curling into a grateful smile. "We wouldn't have found each other if it hadn't been for you and Toothless. Thank you." Meatlug purred what sounded like his own thanks, leaning into the fingers that scratched at his sweet spot.

A swell of happiness welled up in Hiccup's chest. People had been thanking him for helping them bond with their dragons left and right, but for some reason this felt more personal. Maybe it was because he and Fishlegs had been friends before, but it felt like whatever gap had been there before dragon training two or three months ago now had been bridged, joining both boys together again.

Time had changed the both of them. Fishlegs was no longer a skinny, awkward preteen, but the type of viking that Berk preferred. Hiccup, on the other hand, hadn't changed much on the outside. Even as a preteen he'd been rebellious and wanted to prove himself. Even after all this time apart and the wedges of peer pressure and Hiccup's reputation as a nonstop cause of the mass destruction usually left in his wake after dragon raids.

They were still friends, and that was enough for Hiccup.

End
file.